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THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

THE SECOND PART

OF THE

ABBEY of KILKHAMPTON;

OR,

MONUMENTAL RECORDS

FOR THE YEAR 1980.

FAITHFULLY TRANSCRIBED

FROM THE ORIGINAL INSCRIPTIONS,

Which are ſtill perfect, and appear to be drawn up in a Stile devoid of fulſome Panegyric, or unmerited Detraction.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLY, AT N° 46, IN FLEET STREET.

M DCC LXXX.

[PRICE HALF A CROWN.]

Entered at Stationers Hall.

THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

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OR,

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LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, No. 46, in Fleet Street.

M DCC LXXX.

TO

THE PUBLIC.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I conſider that the choiceſt Geniuſſes of this and former Ages, have condeſcended, I know not whether from Vanity or Diffidence, to lock up the Second Volume of their Labors, till public Approbation ſeemed to have ſet a Sterling Value on the Firſt, I preſume it will be deemed unneceſſary that I ſhould apologize for ſeparately publiſhing theſe few, though not unintereſting *Addenda* to the *Abbey of Kilkhampton*. The ſingular Eſtimation with which the Lovers of *Virtù* have been pleaſed to honor my Compilations, more than deſervedly repays the Pains I have been neceſſitated to take, in order to do rigid Juſtice to the Dead, whoſe *Records* I have arranged with Accuracy.

Our

Our Hiſtory, as far back as 1780, is indubitably authentic, and I believe no Monuments have been erected in, or removed to *Kilkhampton* of an earlier Date; to this Circumſtance I have juſt Reaſon to attribute the Silence which has prevailed with reſpect to my Fidelity as a Tranſcriber. Without a Wiſh to prejudice you in their Favor, I may be permitted to recommend theſe original Memorials as a pleaſing and invaluable Veſtige of Britiſh Antiquity, and with my warmeſt Acknowledgment of the Partiality with which you received my former Inſcriptions, I have the Honor to be,

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Your obliged, and

moſt obedient humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

MONUMENTAL RECORDS

FOR

One Thouſand Nine Hundred and Eighty.

PART SECOND.

ON a ſliding Plate of Block Tin.

Sagacious Paſſenger,
Should thy Introduction on the Stage of Life have been deferred
till the Fulneſs of his Vigour was no more,
Peep, with profound Solemnity, on the perhaps *too coarſe* Remains
of H..... Earl of E.....
Start not at the fœtid Repulſe you will experience from his
plebeian Aſhes:
In ſtrict Conformity with the living Terrors of his Aſpect,
They conquer but on the firſt Aſſault.
Bleſs'd in an Indulgence of the moſt rigid Indifference, he courted
not the Charms of ſocial Happineſs, nor valued
the Acquiſition of public Eſtimation.
Too booriſh to become venal, and too ſuſpicious to be leſs
warily diſtinguiſhed,
He was liſtened to in the Senate,

Only from the Novelty of his Situation; for he maintained, that his
Obſtinacy was inflexible, and that his Wife was virtuous.
After having teaz'd and trifled with the Temper and good Senſe
of Miniſtry and Oppoſition,
Without Grace, without Argument, without Honeſty,
His Lordſhip was tried and convicted by his P—rs for having written
a Libel on the Perſon and Manners of his Relation Lord C—,
And being at the ſame Time ſerved with a Proſecution on the Part
of Alderman ——, for aiding and abetting certain
Incendiaries to burn and deſtroy his Compting-houſe,
The noble E— tranſported himſelf to P—ph—a,
and died in the —— A——y.
His Bones, after ſubmitting to a Variety of Diſaſters, were
honourably interred in this Abbey,
On the 17th of Dec. 1798.

Public Munificence,
profuſely generous, and ſanctified by public Admiration,
Hath raiſed this Monument in
Gratitude to the much eſteemed, nor leſs diſtinguiſhed Virtues
of R.....d B.....y Sh.ri..n, Eſq.
Whom ſome directing Spirit,
Alike on Earth beloved, and, after Death, alike eternized,
Perhaps of *Garrick*, henceforth the Guardian Genius
of virtuous Immortality,
Welcomes to join the laureled Throng, loſt amid the
Raptures of incommunicable Bliſs.
Yet, mirth-fraught Comedy cloud not thy laughing Brow
with pale Dejection:

Haply

Haply the much-loved Partner of thy fond Feſtivity,
Though ſnatched from thy Embrace,
Will teach ſome kindred Mind, dawning now with gentler
Inſpiration, to emulate his Glories.

Herein are interred the conſecrated Bones
of —— V——ſs C . . . . . .,
Which, to an inanimate and uninſtructed Spectator, may
poſſibly appear, like thoſe of human Kind, but luckleſs
Emblems of ſorrowful Mortality.
To the Virtuoſo, and the Man of Faſhion, their *Phyſiognomy*
(for the Term is licenſed) exhibits a
more important Leſſon.
Art thou, Reader, regiſtered under either of thoſe honorable Claſſes?
Scrutinize their Texture, and be ſilent.
Shouldſt thou be neither allied to Rank, or nurtured
in the Principles of Science,
Seek not profanely to develop the *Arcana* of Nobility,
But fly the hallow'd Tabernacle,
Which, tho' it ſanctify the Miſdemeanours of a V——,
Will not give Shelter to a baſe Plebeian.
Her Ladyſhip, Twin-ſiſter with the nimble-finger'd God
ſhe worſhipped, ſaw Lord C——, and chriſtened
him her *Ganymede*.
Cupid (as the Rules of good Order preſcribe) firſt tied the Knot,
And Hymen lent a helping Hand; but 'twas a rude
Officiouſneſs, for their Felicity had
been before conſummated.

On

On becoming a Widow, the noble V—— ſought to ſeduce
the Affections of her Neighbour Lord E—, thro'
an Impulſe of Revenge, at Lady E—'s
un-cordial Treatment,
But fell a Sacrifice to the ill Succeſs of her Contrivances,
And ended her Days in murmuring Diſquiet.

Hic jacet
N.... Earl of G.....;
It was preſumed by the leſs inquiſitive Part of Mankind,
That he added Luſtre to the Peerage.
No one could affirm that he diſgraced it; and in an Age of
Slander, to have been interred without a Character
was almoſt to have been complimented with
the moſt flattering Panegyric.

Nat. —17— Obiit Dec. 8th, 179—.

The Body was lodged at Mrs. ——'s, —— Street, Dublin. Three or four young Ladies of her Family, more curious than careful, made a forcible Entrance into the Repoſitory which contained it, and ſo irreparably damaged the noble Lord's Remains, that it was judged unſafe to hazard a decent Interment of them at *Kilkhampton*. Mrs. ——, however, eager to do becoming Juſtice to ſo original a Character, penned the ſubjoined Inſcription, and ſubſcribed largely for the Erection of a Monument, in Teſtimony of his Lordſhip's extraordinary Qualifications.

L.....

L..... Lord R.....gh,
Though ſtricken in Years, and ſmarting with Severity of
Correction, remained to the laſt Moment of his Life
the incorrigible *Simpleton* of his earlieſt Infancy.
Impelled by an Attachment, the moſt inexplicable, he ſought
to gain Applauſe, as angry Children ſeek to recover
a Play-thing—by Compulſion;
And ſucceeded as contemptibly in the Means he adopted,
as in the Uſe of them.
Inſenſible to the Dignity, and unacquainted with the
Purpoſes of Man's Creation, he was incapable even
of arriving to the wretched *Ultimatum* of his
Purſuits, and exhibited a lamentable
Portrait of Diſſatisfaction
and Indifference.
Bleſs'd, (or as leſs partial Hiſtorians will relate of him) curs'd
with an Aſpect unmeaſurably erect, he appeared to have
given Animation to our *firſt Edward*'s Bones,
for the commendable Purpoſe of
demanding a Surrender:
However the Simplicity of his Looks might
fruſtrate the Reſolution.
His Lordſhip, after being pointed at Time out of Mind, as the
gigantic Dwarf of D——, conceiving it alike practicable
to execute a Project, as to furniſh its Materials,
Commenced a bold and vigorous Aſſault againſt the Windows
of Miſs ——'s Chamber, and on a gentle Puſh from
the Beſieged, fractured his Skull, by falling from
the *Tip-top* Step of the *Ladder* Battlements
he had erected.

On a fair Marble Tablet. . . .

Sanctified by the Reſidence
Of Beauty yet unfaded, and Purity yet ſpotleſs,
——— Ducheſs of D . . . . . .
accepted, with unaffected Complacency, the flattering Tribute
of wanton Admiration,
For ſhe rejected not the humbleſt Suitor;
And ſmiled on the Malevolence of Cenſure, impotent, though baſe,
For the envenomed Arrow fell, ere it had accompliſhed
the Purpoſe of its Errand.
At once the Object of Envy and Adoration, ſhe diſdained not to
conciliate Eſteem, though from the Undiſtinguiſhed;
Nor refuſed to blot from her Remembrance the unprovoked
Aſperſions even of her faireſt Rivals.
Conſcious of the unamiable Choice ſhe had conſented to, ſhe
judged it indiſpenſably the Duty of a Wife to ſubſtitute
Reſpect and Tenderneſs, perhaps for the leſs
acceptable Endearments of fond Affection,
And charmed the World with the Greatneſs of her Sentiments,
And the Lovelineſs of her domeſtic Conduct.
Yet her G—— poſſeſſed not a Degree of Heroiſm equal to the
Dangers which aſſault the *Rich* and *Gay:*
Her Mind, alike luxuriant with the Scene it courted, caught
the Enchantment of Felicity too gladly to reſign it,
till a Summons, leſs welcome,
Though more heeded than the Admonitions ſhe had received,
Commanded her to be no more:
In the Arms of Death, ſhe ſmiled with ſoft Benignity,
For a Voice, till then unheard, bade her be
bleſſed in *Immortality.*

Written by himſelf.

Reader,
Think not thou ſeeſt an Emblem of thyſelf
in contemplating the Structure of my unperiſhable Remains;
That animating Spirit, which eternized my moſt indifferent Actions
while lingering on Earth,
Waits on me ſtill, unextinguiſhed though incommunicable.
Be not alarmed, I am no *Luſus poſt Naturam.*
Advance one Step, and look on me—no more, I charge thee;
Or, in Exceſs of Anger, I ſhall muſter up my Limbs
and chide thee.
Let me hold Converſe with thee, Stranger—Kneweſt thou not
the Hon. T . . . . . L . . . . . Eſq.
I am he. Pr—s called me B—, though but unwillingly.
I was a ſtrange Aſſemblage,
Alike notorious in Politics and Profligacy.
To the Ambition of my F——, I added yet a Virtue more,
Undaunted Eagerneſs;
And whether *out* or *in*, valiantly fought the Cauſe
I undertook to vindicate.
My private Principles were ſuch as my Cred—rs will tell you
better than myſelf;
My political Tenets were regulated by the Philanthropy of
Family-affection; I railed and flattered as his H——ſs
and my S—— pleaſed, and aſcertained the State
of the ſeveral Dock Yards by a *Proſpectus*
from ——— Lodge.
On ———'s ſecond Marriage, I was an Advocate in Oppoſition,
And got a *Memento Mori* from Lord S———, whom I
had challenged for Neglect of Duty.
——— Paſs on, and trouble not my Aſhes ———.

K . . M—— of . . . . . .
was equally diſtinguiſhed as a General and a *Petit-maître*.
To an unparalleled Flexibility of Features he added a Tranſition
of Sentiment invariably obedient to his Command.
In the Field he breathed Horror and Deſolation, in the Drawing
Room he inſpired Love and Tenderneſs.
In the Violence of Action he was dauntleſs and determined,
in the Solace of Retirement ſoft and enervated.
With theſe Qualifications he ſupported the Character of a Soldier
to the Satisfaction of his King and Country;
That of a Gallant to the grateful Felicity of the Ladies,
Who were Rivals in acknowledging the Value of his Attentions.

Over the Tomb is placed a Figure to repreſent the Deceaſed, armed in a Coat of Steel, with the Beaver raiſed.

In the Vault beneath
Lie the Remains of the once marvellous
and Honorable H . . . . . W . . . . le, Eſq.
Born and educated in an Age famed for the Dullneſs it gave Birth to,
Yet immortalized as the Pride of Gallantry,
And the Mirror of Knighthood.
In the earlier Part of his Life he was diſtinguiſhed for the
Eccentricity of his Sentiments; on the Acceſſion of
riper Years for that of his Conduct.

To ſurprize Mankind he eſteemed the worthieſt Prerogative
Heaven could beſtow;
Pronouncing Inſtruction and Reproof alike ſuperfluous.
Ever in Search of the truly *Magnificent* and *Sublime*, he ſometimes
hit upon the truly *Ludicrous*, and embelliſhed the
Vis Comica with unexpected Beauties.
In any Age his Abilities muſt have been recorded with Reſpect;
In the 18th Century they merited the moſt wanton Panegyric;
For they gave Life to the juſt extinguiſhed Sparks of Britiſh Genius.
He called Abſurdity the neceſſary Attendant
on a truly daring Spirit,
And, like *Quixote*, found a comfortable *Dulcinea* in Mrs. Cl. . .
who would at once ridicule, and nurſe him.
After having purſued the Study of Antiquities with Humour and
Perſeverance for 90 Years, this very memorable *Virtuoſo*
determined to take the accurate Dimenſions of a myſterious,
and (to moderate Magnanimity) a dreadful Cavern
near the Peak in Derbyſhire, and was ſuffocated in the Attempt.

Erected
to the Memory of F . . . . . Duke of L . . . . . .
A Nobleman, adorned with every Requiſite to form
a Model of Perfection,
And emulous to throw Luſtre on the Dignities he inherited,
By a Diſplay of the worthieſt Sentiments, and the
nobleſt Virtues.
His Country, threatened with Calamity, looked up to him for
Protection, and acknowledged him her warmeſt Benefactor.

His Grace's Virtues live yet in the Breaſt of every free-born I—man, though his mortal Part is conſigned to that indiſcriminate Deſolation, which equally awaits the true and ſeeming Patriot.

Suppoſed to have been written by Dr. G . . . . m.

O Muſe of Hiſtory,
Lament with *never-ceaſing Wails* the Death of your ſincereſt, if not your faireſt Votary!
And yet, what is't to die? 'Tis—nought—'Tis but to fill a Blank with—Nothing,
And there the Anguiſh terminates.
But to be buried—To be ſepulchred, perhaps with Profligates,
Perhaps with Simpletons, but which is yet a fouler Deed,
Perhaps with Placemen, Penſioners——Aye, there's the Rub!
Mrs. M . . . . l . y,
Urged by the Dæmon of conſummate Vanity
(For to leſſer Devils ſhe denied an Audience)
Slandered the Memories of Monarchs ſhe had ſcarcely read of, with unlimited Invective.
Agonized, when waking, tortured, when aſleep, ſhe conſented to Repentance, though not to Recantation, and judging
Mr. G—— a Bedfellow leſs fallible than ——,
gave him Permiſſion to diſſipate her Terrors. On becoming
Mrs. G . . . . m
She anticipated a double Felicity in the Reſtoratives of Dr. G—— and her Huſband.

Leſs

Leſs diffident than *Sarah* ſhe thought even —— no Impoſſibility, and aſked it with Aſſurance.

Fate, however, alike unmerciful to the Doctor and herſelf, Stopt their Career of Glory in the ſelf-ſame Moment.

Taking Advantage of *Æſculapius*'s Abſence ſhe took the fatal Reſolution of ſtanding Proxy for the *Goddeſs of Health:* The Alarm ſoon ſpread, the Mockery was ſpoken of with Indignation, and all the Doctors Arts condemned as counterfeit.

Fully perſuaded of outliving at leaſt three Centuries, this celebrated Hiſtorian diſcovered her *Anachroniſm*, on the 3d of Auguſt 178—, and died moſt heartily in *Dudgeon.*

Here lieth the Whole (for it was ever doubtful whether his G—— partook of an immortal Spirit) of

C..... Duke of .....

Having never ſmiled, he never enlivened Society—Having never wept, he never obtruded on their Mirth—

Having ſpoken, but *once*, and then, in a *Midnight* Whiſper, when Nobody was by; he never gave Offence.

No One poſſeſſed ſo conſiderable a Share of *Sang-froid*, and *Sans-ſouci.*

The Enjoyment of Life, the Charms of Matrimony, the Terrors of Death, he neither feared nor courted, for he beheld them without Emotion.

Spectator,

Spectator,
In an Age when Rectitude was treated with Deriſion,
And Virtue reprobated with Indignity,
L.... Earl of D....., and his much-loved Counteſs,
Dared criminate their Reputation,
By an unfaſhionable Adherence to the Principles of Piety,
And profeſſed a voluntary Obedience to the kindeſt Sentiments
of Generoſity and Compaſſion:
Without renouncing the Prerogatives of Grandeur,
They ſhunned the Dangers which aſſault its Dignity,
And refuſed to participate in the captivating Follies
which impair its Luſtre.
In the Exerciſe of Benevolence
They teſtified an amiable and unaffected Benignity, which diſarm'd
even the Slanders of unrelenting Profligacy, and,
In the Rejection of criminal Indiſcretion,
Diſcovered an honorable Contempt, which rebuk'd the yet
undaunted Boaſt of authorized Miſconduct.
As in Life they had, with Gratitude, experienced
the full Completion of Felicity;
So in Death, Heaven granted them the only Relic
its Power could beſtow upon unchanged Mortality,
A Gift acceptable only to the truly pious—to die in the
ſelf-ſame Moment, with Serenity.

In the Poets Corner.

Let *Weſtminſter*'s Solemnity
Immortalize *Newcaſtle*'s humorous Ducheſs;

Kilkhampton's nobler Dome preſents the wond'ring Paſſenger
with a Name more excellent,
E..... Lady C.....
Courted by the Muſes as their faireſt Repreſentative,
Poſſeſſed a Gentleneſs of Manners ſo winning and perſuaſive,
With a Fund of Artifice ſo ſpecially concealed,
That the *Siſters Nine* found themſelves robb'd of their moſt
valuable Prerogatives, ere they ſuſpected the Fidelity
of their new Acquaintance.
Alarm'd for the Preſervation of her Virgin Innocence,
Each withdrew her wrong'd Indulgence with Indignation;
And, fearful leſt the Celeſtials might judge her Reputation
doubtful, contriv'd to ſmother the Suſpicion of ſo
bold a Sacrilege, by making the lovely
Plunderer's Conduct a Burleſque on Chaſtity.
Thalia, irritated beyond the Hope of Pardon,
Prompted her Ladyſhip to write a Comedy, and, in
Confederacy with *Melpomene*, hood-wink'd
Mr. S—— when he accepted it.
Their Rancour was now ſated. Pit, Boxes, Gallery
vindicated their Cauſe, and Lady C——
retired to B——ſhire.
Captain —— compleated her Infelicity.
For, after being repeatedly advertiſed in the Habit of an
Oxford Scholar, ſhe was found — near P—bridge,
by a *Cottager*, who reſtored the Body to
to her inconſolable Lord.

Near the Communion Table.

In Memory
of the ſpiritually roving Sir H .... Tr .....y,
Who, after inveighing againſt the Tenets of the Church
for a Period of —— Years,
Found himſelf diſpoſed to relinquiſh the Courſe of Amendment
he had ſo earneſtly adopted;
And on the 4th of —— 1780, took his final *Congé* of
Lady H——don like a Chriſtian and a Gentleman.
The pious Dowager, ſtaunch and invincible,
Read his Excommunication with Bitterneſs of Spirit,
And prayed he might be curs'd with—a rich Biſhoprick.
On entering into Holy Orders,
He renounced the idle Sanctity he had before ſo zealouſly
recommended, and diſcharged the Duties of
his Office with orthodox Fidelity.

Should any Midnight Wanderer
have ſtray'd beyond the Hour of ſtill Security,
Charm'd with the ſolemn Silence of theſe hallow'd Precincts,
Let him no longer court the dangerous Deluſion;
The Ghoſt of —— Dowager V——ſs T.....
No ſooner counts the *twelfth* repeated Sound, than, cloth'd
in diſmal Horror, it pervades, with Step unheard,
Theſe Manſions ſacred to the Dead.

Seek not the Shelter of yon ample Monument:
The viſionary Terror haunts even the conſecrated Reſidence
of Senators entomb'd.
Yet moſt of all fly from the gloomy Sepulchre,
Where, by the half-extinguiſh'd Taper's Aid you read,
Here ſleeps *Buck C.....ſh.*
Their Spirits, leagued in the dark and dreadful Myſteries
of Incantation, will torture you with Wretchedneſs
unutterable.
Beſide the Weſtern Door there hangs a friendly Key to favour
thy Eſcape. Elude their Magic, and be ſecret.

L..... Duke of R.....
Beheld the ſtudied Inſenſibility of Adminiſtration,
With a Warmth of Indignation that did Honour to his Virtue,
Tho' the Vehemence of his Reſentment was
ſometimes obnoxious to Miſtake.
Had the Juſtice of his Enquiries been temper'd with
leſs rapid Severity,
He might at once have convicted and convinced.
In the Maturity of Life,
Eager to indulge the uncorrected Impetuoſity of Youth,
He ſought to reform the Evils of the State, rather
from a Principle of generous Zeal, than by the
ſurer Means of cautious Aſſiduity;
Yet his political Conduct,
However diſtinguiſhed by its Singularity, was ſcrupulouſly juſt,
For it was uninfluenced by private Animoſity or Party Prejudice.

Erected

Erected by Mrs. Y——.

Ye ſimpler Doves,
Should there, among the ſubtle Progeny of Venus,
Still be ſome leſs diſcerning Cupids untutor'd and unfledg'd,
Who, for the Purpoſe of Improvement, commence Hoſtilities
againſt the Heart of ſome poor Dotard,
Hang up the Trophies of your Victory over the ſplendid Tomb
of H . . . . . Earl of H . . . . . .
He was the beſt and kindeſt Creature in the World,
Yet being himſelf a Captive, he reluctantly conſented that the
Object of his Adoration ſhould enjoy the Solace
of her own Reflections even for a Moment.
So vehement was his Affection, and ſo unparalleled his Conſtancy,
That he could pant himſelf to ſleep upon her Boſom,
Whether ſhe chid him in the ſorrowing Accents of
Shore's repentant Wife, or in the mercileſs
and fearful Rancour of *Medea*.
Peruſe not his untimely End, kind-hearted Paſſenger,
Without a Tear of Sympathy.
On the Interment of the Dowager, his Mother,
The noble Earl converted her newly conſecrated Temples
(by a proper *Douceur* to the Ch—b—l—n)
into public Theatres; and, eager to eſtabliſh his
Popularity as a diſtinguiſhed Tragedian,
Adverti ſed the *Orphan* for the Fifth Night's Repreſentation,
And expir'd in the Part of *Polydore*, by too vigorous
an Exertion in the Love Scene.

On

On the Left Hand of Lord H—'s Monument.

Should ſome rare Genius,
After a Period of Half-a-dozen Centuries, ſtart up, either in
the forbidding Shape of an Anatomiſt, or in the
more harmleſs Perſon of an Antiquarian,
And, profeſſing an utter Miſanthropy towards the Living, court
profane Familiarity with the violated Aſhes of the Dead.
Let him not ſeek to make Atonement for any Indecorum he
may judge expedient to offer my Remains.
I am all that the ungentleman-like Rapacity of Death has left
of Mrs. Y . . . .
In Life I profeſſed myſelf a moſt enterprizing Advocate
for Freedom,
And, on the glorious Principle of being unconfined, *beat* poor
Mr. Y—— for thwarting my Ambition, and deſpiſed him
for promoting it.
I was the favorite Patroneſs of ſocial Satisfaction, and drew
up a Scheme of the moſt benevolent Sentiments,
that ever Woman cheriſhed.
I conſidered the Circulation of the Bottle as inſeparable from the
Circulation of good Humor, and died, *dead drunk*, in the
gallant Defence of the Faith I had adopted.
Rake then my Aſhes without a Fear of giving Umbrage to their
Sanctity, and, ſhould you find my Bones yet perfect,
Judge what a *Tartar* I muſt have been on
the more ample *Stage* of Life.

Memento Mori.

Here lieth the Body of a *true old Buck*;
Not leſs diſtinguiſhed as Sir Th...s St.....n, than as the hearty Brother-friar of Lord Le D——, heretofore Founder of the Abbey of Saint Francis.
In the Spring of Life he was the merrieſt Fellow that ever proſpered under the Auſpices of riotous Irregularity and d—ned good Fun.
In the Autumn of his Days he was going to cry *peccavimus*, But being aſhamed to flinch, he preſerved the Fire of his Inclinations unextinguiſhed, till he had reckoned his Seventy——th *December*, when his Spirits began to be leſs conſtant, and his Abilities leſs powerful.
He went to Bed on the 8th of Feb. 179—, after eating a hearty Supper, and—roſe no more.
On his Ring was written this Device.
Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi.

Sacred to the Memory
of L.. Biſhop of C.....,
Who, by the Greatneſs of his Life, and the Dignity of his Writings, promoted the Intereſts of true Religion, and adorned the Chriſtian Profeſſion with an unaffected Diſplay of the moſt endearing Virtues.
In Debate his Arguments were judicious, ſolid, and perſuaſive; In private Converſe pleaſing and inſtructive.
Poſſeſſing the warmeſt Benevolence, he diſcharged the ſacred Functions of his Office with mild Solemnity.

Fond

Fond of Retirement, and habituated to Study, he forſook his Cloſet
with Unwillingneſs, yet, when compelled to partake of ſocial
Felicity, he enlivened Diſcourſe with a Chearfulneſs
that at once beſpoke the enviable Tranquillity
he enjoyed, and the fond Philanthropy
he cheriſhed.
Emulous to promote the Good of Mankind,
He reached the Summit of his Wiſhes, and welcomed
Proſperity with Moderation.
Bleſſed with a calm Serenity of Diſpoſition he ſubmitted with pious
Reſignation to the Will of Heaven, and ſuſtained a Burthen
of domeſtic Sorrows with unexampled Fortitude.
Revered as a Prelate, valued as a Friend, and as a Father fondly loved,
He ſoared to everlaſting Peace, and endleſs Happineſs.

Within the ſnug and ſomniferous Confinement of a leaden Coffin
Dozes (or liſt! perhaps he ſleeps)
Sir Fl . . . . . N . . . . .
The Violence, turbid and implacable, of his Reſentment was of
a Temper ſo congenially affected by the Impreſſions of the
Vis Electrica, that, by repeated Concuſſions, it overſet the
Conſiſtency of his Underſtanding, and perſiſted ſtill farther in
completing his Mortification, by leaving him his Faculties
miſerably bewildered, yet incapable of Extinction.
Lord N—— was the firſt Object of the right honorable Sp..k.r's
declared Inſenſibility, and, like an obedient Patient, his
Lordſhip ſuffered himſelf to be bathed Night and
Morning, without the moſt diſtant Intention
of *biting* in his Turn.

For-

Fortunately Sir F———, though pronounced moſt lamentably infectious, never diſcharged the *Saliva* with deſtructive Conſequences to any other of his Majeſty's leſs *buſily importunate Financiers.*

Evident Marks of Inſanity being diſcovered,
both in his public Conduct, and in his private Demeanor, he was judged incapable of holding a Seat in the H—— of L——
In purſuance whereof, on the Succeſſion of a ſhort Interval of common Senſe,
He retired to his Seat in Y——ſhire, and (to all Appearance) died on the 4th of Auguſt 178—.
Since his Interment he has been heard to rave in a Variety of unintelligible Effuſions, ſome few of which (though contrary to the cuſtomary Forms of his Devotion) ſeemed to be precatory Ejaculations.

The more intereſting Connection of the Subject, which diſtinguiſhes this Inſcription, was effaced by the noble Lord's Relict, who forgave his Frailties, though they ſhortened her Felicity.

A Reproach
to the Memory of ——— Earl of [redacted]
At once devoted to the moſt wretched Voluptuouſneſs, and, in the Indulgence of his profligate Deſires, inſen[redacted]
to the Dictates of [redacted]
He eſpouſed, with the moſt ſpecious Aſſurances of unalienable Affection, a Lady poſſeſſed of the tendereſt Eſteem,
Even for the Foibles [redacted]

[redacted] Matrimo[redacted] [redacted]duced [redacted] Rival [redacted] Miſtreſs
[redacted] bade her quit [redacted] preſided.
Separated by the expreſs Authority of the [redacted] who thus baſely
[redacted] from an Interview with her Child [redacted] ſhe paſſed
the Remainder of her Days in lamenting the
Severity of her Misfortunes,
While the Author of ſuch complicated Cru[redacted] beheld the
Anguiſh ſhe endured with unrelen[redacted]
The Juſtice of Heaven, alarmed at a [redacted] ſo [redacted]
[redacted] on the 7th of March 179—.

In Cælo Quies.

This ſpotleſs Monument, the Emblem of his unſullied Purity,
contains the hallowed Bones of Sanctity immaculate.
A Perſon no leſs illuſtrious than
B . . . . . Viſcount F . . . . . .
conſecrates each kindred Stone with his Remains.
The noble Peer, fearing that Alabaſter might not do rigid Juſtice
to his chaſte Name, left Orders that the *Arch-angelic*
Qualifications he poſſeſſed ſhould be inſcribed on the
fairer, and more pliant Mould of Plaiſter of Paris.
His Heirs, gratefully conſidering that in his Life-time he had
forbore to bleſs Poſterity with any *legal* Teſtimonies of
his Virtue, erected this Tomb to his Remembrance,
Though conſcious of the rapturous Felicity he muſt enjoy,
They dare not mourn his Loſs.
Stranger, if thou art moved by Senſibility, or awed by Reverence,
commiſerate the Anarchy which enſued on the Execution
of a Stroke ſo dreadful.

He was the only genuine Retailer of human Kindneſs;
Nor did *Women* fail to bleſs the merciful Monopoly.
Compaſſion from having been the Siſter, in his fonder Breaſt,
became the Parent even of wild Affection.
His Heart, ſtreaming with Benevolence, urged him to *embrace*,
with an *Exceſs* of Tenderneſs, even the unpitied
Outcaſts of Humanity.
Sympathy like his was therefore poorly ſatisfied with
adminiſtering Balm to their Calamities:
He ſometimes *felt their Anguiſh* with a *Fellow-ſuffering*, and, with
the virtuous Heroiſm of *Eleanora*, *extracted* the pervading
Poiſon from their *Wounds*.
In Religion he was perhaps un-orthodox;
For, being a Zealot in the Mahometan Perſuaſion, he
firmly relied on the Legality of propagating his
Species in the other World.
Full of this Hope, and reſting its Completion on a Conformity
of this Life's Practices, he neglected every Concern for the
Purpoſe of being recommended to the *Houriés* as a
perfect Adept in the Myſteries of g—ting Ch—dren;
And, having attained the moſt wanton of his ſublunary Wiſhes,
his Lordſhip departed this Life on the 29th of May 178—
in full Aſſurance of an amorous Reſurrection.

Within the rude and ſtubborn Confinement
of thrice Three Coffins, made durable by more than human Art,
lies, not a little hampered, Lady E . . . .
She was a C—ſs more deſpotic than any three-tailed Baſhaw
throughout the wide Extent of Muſcovy:

Her

Her Abilities, like her Temper, were inimical to Decency and Order.
She confronted the wiſeſt Arguments, and overthrew the ſtrongeſt.
Charles F . .
Trembled when ſhe oppoſed him, and in the W——— Election
ſwore ſhe was a very *Polypheme in Petticoats.*
Death, however, wiſhing to bring a motley Cargo of Souls to the Stygian Stream, and not knowing how to keep them under Diſcipline, *mortified* her Ladyſhip's *nobler Parts,*
And commiſſioned her to be their Corporal.
Lord E——, fearing ſhe might prove too reſtive even for his Highneſs, and dreading her Diſmiſſion, nailed her up in nine-fold Bondage, not without ſome Apprehenſion that ſhe might burſt the Barrier and chaſtiſe him.

In the Cloyſters, without a Coffin.

Here lies, expoſed to Wind and Weather,
——— Earl of P . . . . . .
Patiently reſigned to his uncomfortable Fate, till ſome kind Navigator give him a friendly Lift to the Church-yards of *Brobdignag.*
His Lordſhip obtained the *Ultimatum* of his Ambition (for he wiſely foreſaw the Inability of his Corpſe to be entombed within an Engliſh Abbey)
And prudently conſented to remain above Ground,
Till *W—b—m B———* and *Charles P—d—cke*
help to make a *Ship-load,*
And leave theſe Lilliputian Inſults on Mortality, for a more ample Share of Elbow-room.

Shrouded

Shrouded from vulgar Curioſity
Here reſt interred the mournfully disfigured Remains
of the Honorable T..... O.....
A Youth of no inferior Parts, though inſtrumental to his own
Deſtruction, in the very Methods he adopted to eſtabliſh
his Reputation.
At the General E—— 1787, being returned the Repreſentative
for ———, he inconſiderably forced ſo large a Quantity of
ſtrong Drink on the Multitude, that, in conveying the
worthy Object of their Choice in Triumph, they
overſet their Load, and trampled the hapleſs
Senator to Death.
The noble Lord his F——, like Iphigenia's Sire, grieving with a
Flood of Sorrow that baffled all Deſcription, veiled ſome
Ten or Twenty Cherubs to be the Types of
his Lamentation;
Yet think not, Paſſenger, they virtually weep:
Could we withdraw the curtained Impoſition, we ſhould bear
Witneſs to their Laughter.

Compelled, long ſince,
By the unpitying Scythe of Time, to hold Communication with
her Mother Earth, and finally bereft of the few Veſtiges
of Grandeur ſhe preſerved from M—vite Barbarity,
lies Pr—ſs D.....
A Heroine bolder than the boaſted Females either of ſacred Writ,
or fabulous Romance.

Even

Even the dauntleſs Courage and cool Deliberation, which
diſtinguiſhed her ambitious Miſtreſs,
Were but the ſpiritleſs Effuſions of braggart Apprehenſion,
when placed in Competition with her ſteadier Virtue.
Having quitted R— (by the expreſs Authority of a *R—l Mandate*)
ſhe choſe England as the moſt indulgent Exile ſhe could
experience, and illumined B—— with the Splendor
of her Rank, and the *Greatneſs* of her Conduct.
Her Serene H——ſs lived to the Age of 90, and would not hav
thought of dying even then, had not the Acceſſion of
—— to the Throne of R— given her Reaſon to
fear ſome warrantable Appeal to the Courteſy
of the Britiſh Nation.

The Pride of Courts, the Mirror of Embaſſadors, the very Life
and Soul of Majeſty by Proxy, is here entombed.
And yet, alas! how art thou fallen, Baron H— —g!
Abaſed even beneath the common Lot of Reptiles!
One Day, a Miniſter—the next, a Corſe!
Let ſorrowing Virgins, whom he ne'er made wretched, nor, with
the Arrogance of a triumphant Spoiler, abandoned to the
Inſults of their Sex, weep, with an Overflow of
ſad Sincerity, a Loſs ſo irretrievable.
He was a very *Machiavel* in Politics;
For he could cloud the Nothingneſs of his Reflections under
the ſpecious Brow of deep Solemnity:
In Love, a perfect *Scipio*;

For, while the kindled Paſſion boiled within his Veins, and his
ſeducing Captives challenged him to give a Looſe to Bliſs
unutterable, he could embrace them without Emotion,
And reſtore their Beauties, chaſte and inviolate, to the juſt
Vengeance of their offended Huſbands.
Nature, in his earlier Youth, had bleſſed him with a Form,
beauteous beyond the bluſhing Lovelineſs,
Even of Sir Joſhua's Pencil.
On the Advance of riper Years the Jilt forſook him;
Yet he found a no leſs favorable Patronage in the creative
Influence of Art.
Mankind, moroſely envious, murmured to ſee his *Mattin* Beauties
wear ſo ſoft a Luſtre.
The Ladies, charmed and ſurprized, were caught in criminal
Parley—with the Smoothneſs of his Aſpect.
The Admiration was univerſal—the Deceit unknown, and even
unſuſpected.
How ſorrowful the Revolution, when Lady ——
(inflexibly perſiſting that her Adonis muſt be *compos*)
Without a previous Intimation crept to his Bedſide, and, haſtening
to convince him of her Ardor, ſaluted the briſtly
— — — —
The Lady ſcreamed, the Baron fainted as he awoke,
And roſe no more.
Virgins of W—ſtm—r begin again the lamentable Strain —

Erected

Erected by the Deceaſed,
When in a Dream he anticipated his own untimely Diſſolution.

Thou haſt lived well, thou haſt written well.
But one Word more——Say, haſt thou married well?
O Rare Dean T——r.

Erected by Mrs. T——
to the Memory of her much *chaſtened* Huſband,
Ph . . . . T . . . . . , Eſq.

Alas! Poor Th . . . . ſſe!

The envious *Parcæ*,
Well knowing that with pilfered Sciſſars ſhe had often ſnipped the Thread of Man's Felicity, firſt taught the vainly ſupplicating
Lady G . . . . . ,
Foiled with the Weapon ſhe had long preſumed to brandiſh, to ſicken with the pallid Fears of Apprehenſion, and yet unſated with relentleſs Vengeance, tortured with tenfold Anguiſh, each agonized and *quivering* Fibre of her Exiſtence.
Her Sex, when without Prejudice they recapitulate her Virtues, will ſympathize perhaps in her Affliction, and though forewarned by her diſaſtrous Fate, they will not riſque a Murmur at the dread Deciſions of the *Siſters three*, fond of extenuating the Offence,
They yet may pity the Offender.

Sir

Sir G.....y T..... ſummoning the long-neglected Aid of calm Philoſophy, and maſtering the Influence of Avarice, till then invincible, confeſſed himſelf the Slave of her deſpotic Inclinations. Having waſted the Treaſures he inherited, in Obedience to her Commands, he frankly told her that Life had no longer any Charms to captivate him, and therefore he muſt accept the Alternative of —— —— or a Piſtol. The tender-hearted Fair prompted him to chooſe the Firſt, for no other Reaſon (if we believe Report) than to indulge him with a *laſting* Teſtimony of her Affection.

Cold is now the Heart,
Within whoſe wide-expanded Cell careleſs Feſtivity,
Licentious Mirth, and jocund Jollity took Pleaſure to reſide;
Nor can the Monumental Mockery,
Which points out his Remains, collect ſufficient Warmth to drop
one Tear in kind Compaſſion to the poorly honored Name
of H..... Lord C.....
Yet no One blended more ſucceſsfully the *hardier* Accompliſhments
with the *ſofter* Virtues;
No One was more an Adept in chaſtiſing Inſolence;
No One leſs a Friend to treacherous Diſſimulation.
It was his peculiar Misfortune to have been born on the 29th of
February, which, by the Arrangement of our Almanac,
Forfeits its capricious Tenure for three ſucceeding Years.
During this intercalary Eclipſe of tutelar Good-luck, the noble
Lord, deſponding at the Severity of his hard Lot,
Committed every Species of Extravagance.

No

No One more fatal than to have entruſted the Diſpoſal of his
Fortune to Mrs. B——, who, born during a *petite* planetary
Affaire between the Conſtellations of *Mercury* and
Venus, improved moſt wonderfully under the
kindred Auſpices of their Conjunction.
On the Return of each propitious Leap-year the Deceaſed
made no inconſiderable Progreſs in reforming the
Inconſiſtencies of his Conduct:
Vexed however to the Heart, that all his Reſolutions, from the
the luckleſs Courſe of Things, were to expire *cum Biſſextili*,
With uplifted Hands he earneſtly requeſted
(though by no Means ſingularly addicted to Prayer)
That the genial Stars, which preſided over the younger Branches
of his Family, would generouſly contribute to his Relief,
And, to the no ſmall Surprize of his Acquaintance, was found
dead in his Bed, on the 29th of February 179—,
being on that Day juſt aged —7 Years.

In gentle Bondage,
For Death himſelf profeſſed a Sentiment of Pity
in ſtriking the commiſſioned Blow, lies Lady L..... L....
At once the loveliеſt of Women, the moſt amiable Wife,
And the *beſt Shot* throughout the County of S——.
She diſtributed ſuch Deſolation among the feathered Race, that
rival *Sportſwomen* calumniated her Reputation with a
Report, that the ſoft Luſtre of her Eyes drew on
the Victims to their *leaden* Fate, like Baſiliſks.
On becoming Ducheſs of -— ſhe reſigned *the Gun*, and, to the
Hour of her Death, never taſted *a Hare or Partridge*
of her own *Shooting*.

In the Cloyſters.

To the Memory
of the Honorable ——— M . . . t . g . e, Eſq.
Succeſſively elected during Five Parliaments for the Borough
of W———,
Yet never known to have taken his Seat in the H—— of C——
in any Seſſion.

This variegated Marble
guards, from the ſhameleſs Eye of wanton Curioſity,
All that remains of the once dauntleſs Lady C . . . . . .
Yet, Paſſenger, miſtake not;
Nor with rapturous Zeal recal the long-loſt Beauties of the fair
A . . . ll's fairer Siſter, leſt thou lament the pious Error.
Her purer Aſhes, by ſome guardian Spirit ſhrouded from Decay,
Immortalize a happier Sepulchre;
While gloomy Terror with malicious Finger points to the
unhonored Tomb, where dwells the Rival of her Name.
Malice and Envy ſeemed to have marked her for their own.
Relying on the *Coventry* Act for the Security of her Bones,
She challenged her Antagoniſts to maim her:
Lord N——, however, anxious to repay her inſolent Unkindneſs
to his lovely Siſter, propoſed *a Ducking-ſtool*,
And the wretched C——ſs died in the Operation.

Woven

Woven is the *Web of Death*, and the *Work done*;
And, *(Woe of Woes!)* the gallant Youth
Whom Gods called *Hyacinthus*, and Men, ſhort-ſighted,
ſhort-lived Men
A . . . . . St . . . . Eſq.
No more perfumes the Air with odoriferous Sweetneſs.
How oft do the Deſigns of Men prove to themſelves pernicious!
The lovely Boy,
Whom all the kind Celeſtials, whole and *demi*, that had a Particle
of Fondneſs in their Conſtitution, ſheltered from the rude
Conflict, even of the Weſtern Gales, fearfully turbid,
Aſked but one Boon in the Embrace of Death—
To have the liquid Ornaments and the ſcented Duſt, which erſt
had graced his Toilet, ſtrown on his Body,
(Harmleſs Inſeparates of his Affection!)
The Requeſt was granted, yet mark the ſad Event.
Miſs ——— on viſiting the dear Remains, after a Period of
three long Weeks, found but the Brain in its original
and perfect State.
The Worms, encamped on his *attractive* Perſon, had given
Birth to other Worms, ——
——— let not the Pencil of Affliction paint the Reſt.

Near the Altar.

This ſilent Tomb,
Mute with Diſtreſs, ſeeks, though it be denied
the Voice of Gratitude, to ſpeak the Virtues, which adorned
——— Counteſs of H . . tf . . . d,

At once a Wife, a Mother, and a Friend.
In her Life ſhe taught the Widow and the Orphan to forget
their Sorrows:
In her Death to feel their Woes afreſh, and mourn the ſad
Viciſſitude with a Severity of Anguiſh, till then unknown.
Her Ladyſhip, bleſſed in the Enjoyment of — returning Years,
For ſhe had never wounded their Felicity, died at—
without a Sigh on the 13th of May 18—.

On a Plate of Braſs.

—*Gray's Chanticleer* may crow, till Time
ſhall have obliterated the idolized Memorial of his Elegy,
Ere he awake Sir R..... S.....n.
Wedded to Annihilation he'll *militate* againſt the Summons,
Even of a future M—ſter of State.
And yet *Anno Domini* 178— he was no hot-brained Advocate
for Liberty of Choice.
Obedience was his firſt Leſſon, and he was *ſtrenuous* in his
Obſervance of it:
Other Self-will he never teſtified, till in his Parley with a ſaucy
Plenipotentiary ſent from the Court of Death, he demanded
three Months longer, till he had bullied Mr. D—g,
laſhed Sir W— H —, *out-rhetorized* B—g—ne,
and, in due Conſequence, been honored
with a S——ſhip of —.

Written

Written by General B . . . . . .

Who kill'd Sir W. . . . H . . . . n?
Lady D . . . y, ſure, not you?—Why, faith, my Lord, 'tis too true.
I kill'd Sir W . . . . H . . . . n.
Who ſaw him die?
I, my Lord, at his Looking-glaſs—Happening that Way to paſs,
I ſaw him die.

A Cenotaph
Raiſed to the lovely, yet ungentle Lady W . . . . . .
of rebellious Memory, *Wight's* envied Boaſt.
Her Intrepidity was equalled only by her Addreſs:
She wiſhed to make Sir R—— popular, and neglected every other
Bleſſing, for the exemplary Purpoſe of accompliſhing
the Object of her Ambition.
The Sea-girt Iſle, like that of Paphos, knew no other Divinity,
Than the blue-eyed *Venus* of A———mbe.
The Voice, the Dance, the Hearts of either Sex were obedient
to the Deſpotiſm of her Deſires:
Even H . . m . s himſelf clung to her fair Image, pictured in his
Eye, and (ſuch was the Luxuriance of his creative Fancy!)
Revelling in his Arms, while —— partook of leſs
imaginary Delights in the ſtolen Poſſeſſion of
his fair D——.
Antic Sports, and *frolicſome* Felicity,
Led on by the fair Sovereign of the Iſland, dwelt in jocund State
till the Return of a General E——,

When, on Sir R——'s being refuſed a Coalition of Intereſts with
the Duke of C——, Lady W..... took up the Cudgels
in her Huſband's Cauſe, and annihilated his Grace's
ſlender Exiſtence at the firſt Stroke.
His M—— charmed with her Spirit, created the beauteous
Amazon a P——ſs,
And the whole Body of our Engliſh *Nobleſſe* put their Hands on
their Hearts, and gave their Honor that her Ladyſhip
was only guilty of *Manſlaughter*.

Prythee, Reader, if thou haſt ever walked in the profoundly
ſcientific Paths of Heathen Mythology,
Proclaim to the unlettered Multitude (*et eris mihi magnus Apollo*)
What God, or Goddeſs, *ſuper* or *infer*-orum, with malicious
Scowl, ſnatched from the Realms of Day, the kindly virtuous
Lady V——ſs M.....
In an Inſtant ſhe was gone, and her Path could not be found.
Dukes, who had wiſely feared to *marry with* her, wailed her Loſs
with public Teſtimonies of woeful Lamentation.
The noble V—— ſhe captured, more callous to the Feelings of
Humanity, though he had loved her as Mrs. H——,
forbore to mourn her unforeſeen Departure, till he
had tried which Party had *the Odds*, the
Huſband or the Widower;
And, on the Balance, philoſophically ventured to be reſigned to
his Misfortunes, as became a Man.

Erected

Erected by the L——ds of S . ſſ . . n in Scotland, who, juſtly ſenſible of the Loſs they have ſuſtained in the Death of ſo valuable a Philoſopher, and *ſo good a Chriſtian*, have attempted to teſtify their Eſteem for his Memory, by paying this final *Devoir* to his Remains.

Mingle your Tears, both *Lutherans* and *Calviniſts*,
For ye have loſt a *Locke*, a *Boyle*, a *Buffon*, a *Linnæus*;
Yet dry them up again with Gratitude for having your Manhood aſcertained and vindicated, with all the ſtaring Proofs of ſound Conviction,
by Lord M . . . . . o.
He was a Man who met with Prodigies, that,
Take 'em all in all, we ſhall not ſee their Like again.
His Secrets were more profound, and his Veracity more undoubted, than *Ariſtotle*'s.
He confuted the ableſt Reaſoners with the Aſſurance of having left a String of Arguments unanſwerable by the *Gnoſtics* of Poſterity, though Circumſtances yet unknown prompted him to beware of openly detracting from the Authenticity of Revelation.
He was never known to have accepted the Counſels of any One: Mark, therefore, his malignant Fate.
Having maintained, that from the trite and natural Connexion of Cauſe and Effect the *Ouran-outangs* would form themſelves into Common-wealths, before the Middle of Auguſt 1796, he found himſelf rather unenviably ſituated for a Philoſopher illuminated by Nature, on the 29th of the preceding July, no efficient Demonſtration having been made of the Exiſtence of ſuch a civil Government.

Sorry

Sorry to have lived ſo long, and now bordering upon his hundredth Year, he ſtill profeſſed himſelf deſirous of viſiting this *humanized Society*, and, hobbling on Ship-board, left *Ed—gh* with an Aſſeveration that he would lodge a Code of their Laws, and an Eſtimate of their Finances, in *H—rood Houſe*, before the Hour-glaſs of his Life had run another *Luſtrum*. Some Six or Seven of the ſhaggy Natives received him on his Landing with Tokens of Reſpect. In an Ecſtaſy of Joy he ſought to embrace the *dear Barbarians*, and fell the Victim of their *voracions* Fondneſs. The Sailors, after firing a Round of Small-ſhot at the ſavage *Bipeds*, bore off his Lordſhip's breathleſs Corpſe, without a Wiſh to be conducted to their *civilized Metropolis*.

Erected by Lord B——.

This ſculptured Tomb
records a Tale of ſoft Complaint.
——— Ducheſs Dowager of .....
died on the 31ſt of —— 179— in Child-bed, aged 89,
And was interred the Day following with due Solemnity.

Written by Lord P——.

In a Sepulchre,
Sacred to Solitude and Sorrow,
No more the living Boaſt of virtuous Chaſtity,
Lies —— Counteſs of P.....ke.

She

She had Charms even to captivate the roving Fondneſs of
Inconſtancy,
And, though the Gentleneſs of her Dominion forbore to curb
the lawleſs Sallies of criminal Affection,
She poſſeſſed the envied Power of recalling her much-loved
Wanderer from his Infidelity,
And paſſed the moſt poignant Cenſure on his Miſconduct, when
ſhe welcomed his Return with Tenderneſs unmerited,
And unexpected Pardon.

In an Age,
When Intereſt and Ambition cruſhed in their Birth each
milder Sentiment,
The Honorable and Reverend Dr. T.....
had Virtues to deſerve, and Fortitude to refuſe a Biſhopric;
Declaring it an inſufficient Teſtimony of his Abilities, that he
had been B—— to a Stateſman.
He had the niceſt Senſe of the noble E——'s inviolable Honor
in political and *in domeſtic* Life;
And as he refuſed a Mitre for the generous Purpoſe of dignifying
a worthy Prelate, leſs connected with Lord T.....
than himſelf, by Blood,
So he forbore to wound the Peace and Happineſs of his unfortunate
B——, by liſtening to the Advances of a Woman,
Wretched, beneath Contempt.
Having lived to the Age of —— with the heart-felt Satisfaction
of being univerſally revered as a Miniſter, a Father,
and a Friend,

He died on the 23d of May 181— in the zealous Diſcharge
of his official Duties,
And tranſmitted to Mankind the ſureſt Atteſtation of his Virtues,
by being thus ſingularly diſtinguiſhed as the choſen
Example of Heaven's beneficent Indulgence.

Heralds, attend,
To deck with proud Eſcutcheons, thoſe unavailing Trophies
of the Dead!
The funeral Couch whereon low lies a mighty *Lord.*
S..... Earl of H.....
Born to partake of Dignities leſs ſplendid, was found unfit for
any of the *genteeler* Profeſſions, having
(in one of Nature's maddeſt Freaks)
been curſed with a Diſpoſition of Mind incapable of any
liberal Accompliſhments.
His Friends, at a Loſs how they might introduce him to the World, bethought themſelves of a Place at Court—No!——Lord ——— had reprobated the Idea of giving any farther Countenance to Boobies—The Army—No!—Maſter was too pacific——The Church—Glorious Alternative!——A Living was the firſt Object, and muſt be looked to—*Saving Souls* was but a ſecondary Piece of Policy, and might be diſpenſed with—
After being inducted, the noble Peer
Found himſelf hampered in a Knot of Difficulties, which, like Alexander, he refuſed to looſe, and would perhaps have ſevered, had not his Succeſſion to the Earldom of H— provided againſt the illiberal Determination.

For-

Forfeiting the Care of Souls,
The *Ultimatum* of his Anxiety was transferred to the Color of his Dreſs, and here it muſt be allowed common Decency got a Victory over his Inclinations. He ſtept, a motley Mixture of the *ſpiritually Grave*, and the *temporally Buckiſh*.
One luckleſs Evening, in the Month of April 178—, when it was the reigning Taſte to ſubſtitute the Miniatures of certain ſhameleſs Courtezans for the more modeſt Appurtenance of Coat-buttons, Lord H—— gave Orders to his Taylor for a Suit thus *unclerically* ornamented; but ere the Articles had been delivered, his Lordſhip was more decently equipped——
———*All in a Shroud ſo pale.*———

What! not one Sigh to grace his Obſequies!
No pregnant Eye to drop the chryſtal Tear in Memory of his Name!
Shall not the Blood of St. L..., nor the ſpotleſs Title of D.....
Protect his Aſhes from Contempt? Ungrateful Lot!
And yet he ſlew—not in the Days when *Cruſades* drenched the Earth with Gore,
But in the gentler Æra, when B. ..... was Lord L—, he ſlew with Intrepidity and Proof of Valor—an aged, infirm, and reverent *Romiſh Prieſt*.
Nor did he bravely maim the wretched Victim in the Cauſe of Virtue, or of Faith:
Revengeful Luſt—— ——but, ſuffer not the hateful Story to diſhonor theſe conſecrated Walls,
For Juſtice forbad the daring Perpetrator of a Deed ſo hateful, to dwell beneath Heaven's Concave with Impunity:
He fell ———— on—— of Auguſt 178——— —.

An *Hypogeum*
Structed for the Purpoſe of commemorating the *multifarious*
Accompliſhments of Dr. S..... J.....
Doubtleſs, an illuſtrious Genius, yet dark—*irradiantly* dark——
Somewhat (Peace to his Aſhes!) of the *nulli penetrabilis Aſtro.*
He is ſaid to have burleſqued the Manners of his Country; but,
In Juſtice to that *Amor Patriæ* he ſcrupulouſly cheriſhed,
this *loquent* Marble *negatives* the *Contumely.*
In his dying Day he ſpoke of Scotland only as his Nurſery, for
he maintained himſelf to be a *Cretan* born, and lineally
deſcended from the royal Loins of Minos.
Hence we may trace the *Labyrinthian*, and (with Reverence be
it aſſerted) the ſovereign-like Mazes, in which he ſported
with the plain Good-ſenſe of the *pure* Engliſh Reader.
Yet mourn, ye truly *Claſſic* Lovers of *Ariſtotle* and *Quintilian*,
his barbarous Murder.
The Univerſity of St. A——, ſwoln with the Venom of
long-collected Vengeance, beheld him paſſing through
their Courts, whipped him, and ſent him *home.*
The Indignity was irreparable but by Death.

Sacred to the Memory
of —— Lady P.... m,
Diſtinguiſhed by an Aſſemblage of exemplary Virtues,
And bleſſed in the Attainment of every Gratification that could
complete Felicity:
For ſhe beheld her Sons the braveſt,
And her Daughters the loveliеſt of their Sex.

Run-

Runaway Daughters, ſelf-will'd Heireſſes, and diſobedient Nieces
ſing *Io Pæan* to the Name of ..... Earl of S.....
A Nobleman ſo rigidly devoted to the full Exerciſe of his Authority,
That he ſwore point-blank never to relinquiſh a *Tittle*
of parental Dominion, while Lady B—a called him Father.
Mr. G——, an honeſt-hearted Soldier, wearied with American
Miſhaps, told the *Brunette* a Tale, which, like *Othello*'s,
Awakened Pity, and taught her tender Soul
the Rudiments of Love.
An honorable Union, as it improved the early Dawn of their
Affection, ſtimulated Lord S—— to an outrageous Senſe
of her *Undutifulneſs*, and his *conſummate Inſolence*.
Having no Kinſman, no Claimant to his entailed Poſſeſſions, his
darling Wiſh of ſtarving the *pennyleſs* Offenders was but an
idle Burſt of Paſſion—the *Father* ſtill predominated.
Unconſcious of —— —— he riſqued a Hope of perpetuating the
Dignity of his Progenitors in Male Succeſſion,
And ſingled out Miſs V—— as not ill-featured for the *generous*
Purpoſe of balking Lady B——a's Proſpects.
Eager to convince her of his determined Reſolution, he ——,
ſquandered his Fortune, mortgaged his Eſtates, and at
length ſet down mortified at the Ruin of his *Perſonals*,
— unable to impoveriſh his landed Property.
On an Interval of Reaſon his Malice ſhifted to a milder Mood,
—— he relented, forgave, and wept to ſhew the
Sincerity of his Contrition.
Think not, Reader, his Lordſhip wanted the Milk of
ſoft Compaſſion.——
The noble E— meant well, though, from an inadvertent ——
of Mind, he acted on miſtaken Principles.

Near the Duke of G—'s Tomb.

Not a little jaded,
Within this close Retreat, lies Dr. W.....
Surely, not the genuine Representative he boasted himself, of the U—— of C———,
For the more loyal Members of that honorable and justly distinguished Community condemned his Conduct with that contemptuous Censure it so worthily deserved;
Nor, if we may venture the Hypothesis, the Idol of the Party he espoused:
For when he — in the ——, and retired, the lamentably *mal-treated* Emblem of his disaf— Sentiments, they offered not *a Drop of Water* to relieve his *pitiable* Affliction.

Here rests,
If we may trust the Silence of his Grave,
D.... H.....y, Esq.
His Abilities were the Subject of Admiration, and the public Utility was the generous Object they had in View,
But — — — — he was *troublesome.*

Departed after the pusillanimous Manner of all Flesh,
And embosomed within the comfortable Retreat of a plain Oaken Coffin,
Here dwells the Countess Dowager of H.....
Who,

Who, after living 87 Years without employing an idle Moment on the Subject of a future Life, found herſelf myſteriouſly affected with the importunate Qualms of an uncivil Conſcience on the 4th of January 18—, and, after an heroic Struggle to procraſtinate the ſad Neceſſity, gave up the Ghoſt between the Hours of Seven and Eight on the ſucceeding Evening.

She neither owned the King's Supremacy in civil,
Nor the Pope's in eccleſiaſtical Matters.
The firſt ſhe openly affronted by —— —— —— contraband Lace,
The latter by profeſſing a conſtant and indiſcriminate
Attachment to the forbidden Gratifications of
Fiſh, Fleſh, and Fowl.
The Infallibility of one diſtinguiſhed Individual ſhe made no
Scruple of religiouſly confeſſing, though by no Means
bigotted to the Enthuſiaſm of idle Superſtition;
For the all-directing Perſonage, in whom ſhe placed her
Confidence, was no leſs illuſtrious a Potentate
than—*the Ace of Spades*.
Some ſay, ſhe bought Indulgences too often.
Be that as it may, ſhe never told it to the World, and Slander
often coins the Lye, which Monumental Candor
ſhudders to tranſcribe.

Virtuoſo!
For I preſume none but the *Cognoſcenti* ſeek theſe Walks;
If thou art poring o'er this Record for the gallant Purpoſe of
learning whereabouts I lie,
Thou may'ſt perhaps return no wiſer than thou cam'ſt;

For

For the Relations of my poor dear Huſband ſwore they'd hang
and quarter me, though tried and formally acquitted
by my P——rs.
Wearied of being the comfortleſs and ſadly ſatisfied Relict of
—— Earl of B——, I told a Tale of pitiful Affliction
to Lord N—, and he, with that prodigious Overflow
of Generoſity, which marks his Character,
ardently embraced me, and made me
—Happy Revolution!—Lady N . . . . .
The Proſpect I anticipated
(For my dear Lord, not being nobly born, was admirably formed
for the ſoft Dalliance of conjugal Affection)
Cheared my Apprehenſions, and made me thank my Stars that
I had already been a Widow.
Yet mark the Inability of our moſt warily-concerted Projects!
His reſtleſs, and my importunate Diſpoſition
effected a Breach in the Conſtancy we had yet preſerved, and,
with a parting Tear, we drew up Articles of Separation.
On the 10th of June 178— Love lighted up his Fires once again,
and we conſented to bed and board without an
Interval of Animoſity.
Scarce had the next Night's mid Obſcurity ſummoned us to ſeal
the Deeds of Reconciliation, when my Lord called me
a——B——, and I, heedleſs of the Conſequence,
kicked him out of Bed, with the indignant
Vengeance of an inſulted Wife.
The noble E—, trying to ſave his Fall, *tipp'd into the*
Ch—mb—r-p—t, and cloſed his Eyes in Death.

As

As C—— of B—, I ſtood Trial with Magnanimity, and was
found unintentionally guilty with *Eclat*.
Lord T——, however, perſecuted me to my dying Day,
And has vowed, unchriſtian-like, to play the very
D—— with my Bones.

Near the Communion Table.

The animated Buſt
of —— Ducheſs of M..... r
Guards, from the Violation of unhallowed Curioſity,
Her ſleeping Aſhes.
In Life, the Lovelineſs of her Conduct reclaimed even the
Obduracy of Offence:
In Death, the Greatneſs of her Example added Dignity to the
Virtues ſhe bequeathed, unſullied, to ſurviving Ages.

In the M— Vault.

Snatched from his ſcarcely ripened Glories, within this Cell
reſides in mouldering Pomp Lord R..... S.....,
A Youth,
Whoſe Mind was fraught with every liberal Accompliſhment;
Whoſe Perſon, *a Chef d'œuvre*
whence Nature borrowed the Lineaments to form therewith
the riſing Generation.

One Sunday Morning, Penitence getting the Lead of Irregularity,
The noble Lord took a candid Retroſpect of his paſt Life,
And found it—*a faux Pas* throughout.
The Honorable Mrs. B——, whom he long admired, was
then a Widow;
The Advocates for his Repentance ſay, he married her;
Others maintain an oppoſite Aſſertion.——
However, were the firſt Arguments indiſputably true;—
He died within the Honey-moon.

After deſcending nine-and-twenty Steps,
If thou canſt muſter up ſufficient Reſolution, thou wilt meet
with the very choice *Sarcophagus*
of Mrs. A.....
Whom the Earl of D——, out of Reſpect to her much-valued
Memory, refuſed to bury after the eſtabliſhed Way.
Charlotte S—— and herſelf had formed the impious Reſolution
of introducing idolatrous Worſhip among the N——
of this Land;
Though the Marriage of the One, and the untimely Death of
the other, diſconcerted their Project for the Time-being.
The hapleſs Fair, who claims Sepulture here, was at once the
Arbitreſs of Fate to Nobles, Senators—Flattery would
have written, Stateſmen;
But Candor blotted out the unfair Diſtinction.
Lord G—— C—— loved her, Lord E—— B—— entertained her,
Lord D—— rewarded her Fidelity.
In this triform Adoration ſhe beheld the genuine Aſſemblage of
Gallantry, Affection, and Generoſity.

Yet,

Yet, in an Inſtant, for to her Sorrow the Interval was unworthy
Eſtimation, *Lord G*—— was married, *Lord E*—— pennyleſs,
Lord D—— reconciled to his fair C——ſs.
Like *Ophelia*, Mrs. A—— maddened, treated the Duke of ——'s
proffered Aid with Inſult and Contempt, laught and wept
alternately, and about Five in the Morning, on the
5th of Auguſt 178—, was found floating near
the Hope, at Hammerſmith.

A generous Houſe of Commons,
Ever diſtinguiſhed by their exemplary Patronage of public Virtue,
Have erected this Monument as a Teſtimony of
public Gratitude
to the Memory of —— Earl of C.....ll.s,
Who, by the Wiſdom of his Counſels, and the Intrepidity of
his Deſigns, baffled the impotent Malevolence of baſe
Confederacy, and aſſiſted in reducing a conſiderable
Part of the Weſtern Globe to their original
Dependence on Great Britain.
Biaſſed only by the genuine Dictates of Patriotiſm and Honor,
He renounced the Charms of an ignoble Retirement,
Animated by the glorious Ambition of defending
the Prerogatives and Intereſts of his K—— and Country.
Fondly attached by the moſt endearing Ties to domeſtic Happineſs,
yet fearful of the Injuſtice, which too frequently gives
Birth to Party Slander, he forſook the beſt of Women
and the moſt affectionate of Wives, emulous to
preſerve his Reputation invulnerable, even
by Suſpicion's ſilent Shafts.

The

The Coloniſts, who knew his Virtues and admired his Valor,
revered him as their Conqueror, and careſſed him
as their Friend.
He died on the 18th of May 18—, oppreſſed but with the
Honors which had been beſtowed on him by an
indulgent Sovereign, and a grateful People.

Gameſters, Sharpers, Money-lenders, Pigeons,
View the *Depoſitum* here reſident.
B..... C—ſs .....
Was a moſt rigid Œconomiſt every where but at the Card-table;
Her Tallow-chandler ſighs when he relates it;
Her Grocer ſhakes his Locks when he atteſts its Truth.
Lord P——, with that amiable Generoſity, and undeſerved
Affection, which endear him to Mankind, cancelled his
———'s Debts, with the Proviſo that ſhe ſhould
forſwear the faſhionable *Extravaganza*, which
had ſo fairly *lurched* her.
The Deeds were ſigned, the Bargain valid.—
Alas! how frail is Woman!
Lady H———, and a few of thoſe *rantipole Women of Spirit*, ſo
feelingly delineated on a Variety of Occaſions, called her
about Midnight from her Couch.
To moralize was vain—Perjury was no illicit Practice—
She obeyed the Summons, for the D—— had dictated its Contents,
And died at Three o'Clock the next Morning with Flaſh
and Pam (as ſhe wiſhed to ſignify) in her own Hand.

Her

Her diſconſolate and ſorrowfully ſurviving Lord,
Who mourns in ſecret, yet trembles at the Impiety of wiſhing
to recall her from thoſe bleſt Abodes, where in Eternity
ſhe dwells, erects this Tomb to the once lovely
Lady A..... P..cy,
In Perſon and Diſpoſition moſt amiably captivating;
In Underſtanding accompliſhed—even to Admiration.
Gentleneſs and Humility acquired new Graces, when they
combined to finiſh ſo fair a Model of Perfection:
Beneficence and Piety ſhone with new Luſtre, when cheriſhed
as her darling Attributes.
Heaven knew no Being worthy of poſſeſſing ſuch tranſcendent
Virtue, ſave thoſe pure Spirits who ſing the Praiſes of
the Juſt, and bade her relinquiſh human Greatneſs
for immortal Bliſs.

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END OF THE SECOND PART.

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